

THE ACADEMY.
May 29, 1909

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SYCORAX AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE



THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE *Star* and other radical papers have been making all sorts of impudent comments on the action of the Duke of Norfolk in selling his Holbein picture for £60,000. We do not notice that these amiable organs of opinion have given anything like the same prominence to the fact that the Duke has just made a free gift to the town of Sheffield of a park of the same value as the picture he has just sold. That is Democracy all over: take all you can get without gratitude and without thanks, and never lose an opportunity for abusing and belittling the giver. The Duke of Norfolk has quite as much right to sell his picture as the editor of the *Star* has to sell a book out of his library. The difference between the two cases is merely this: that whereas if Mr. Parkes of the *Star* were reduced to the pass of selling his library it is safe to assume that the proceeds of the sale would pass into Mr. Parkes's own pockets; in the case of the Duke of Norfolk the £60,000 produced by the sale of his picture has gone to the Catholic Church Schools. The Duke of Norfolk has probably no use whatever for the gratitude or respect of the class of people who read the *Star* and similar newspapers, but when a gentleman of his position and character sacrifices one of his most cherished possessions for the purpose of raising money to endow the schools of his own church is it too much to expect that he should be protected from rancorous abuse and spiteful innuendo? Apparently it is. What a commentary on the minds of the people who are so anxious to make us believe that their only anxiety is to secure "justice for the masses" and "freedom for the enslaved people" is hereby provided! Truly, by their fruits ye shall know them.

George Bernard Shaw is very indignant because the Censor has declined to license the performance of Mr. Shaw's new play, which is touchingly entitled "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet." And naturally Mr.

Shaw has rushed into ill-considered print on the subject, or, to use the pompous language which Mr. Shaw will no doubt prefer, has "issued a statement to the Press." According to the author of "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet," "the decision whether a play is morally fit to be performed or not rests with the King absolutely." This will be news to the King, and Mr. Shaw's thinly-veiled sneers about the King's faith and the King's confidence in his own judgment are worthy of your true Suffragette-minded man. Mr. Shaw knows as well as most people know that the responsibility of having dared to "turn down" "Blanco Posnet" rests with the Lord Chamberlain, who acts on the advice of Mr. Redford; but it no doubt suits Mr. Shaw's exaggerated idea of his own importance that people should imagine that His Majesty took a day off from the affairs of State for the purpose of reading "Blanco Posnet." Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, saith the poet, though the poet, of course, never saw a Derby Day. But the uneasy state of kingship is at any rate mitigated by the fact that it does not happen to be the King's duty to read Shaw's plays. Of course, Mr. Shaw's remarks about the King were set forward especially for the American market. The play is unfit for performance in England; consequently it must be boomed for foreign parts.

So have we profit
In losing of our prayers.

And, having indulged in impertinence to the King, Mr. Shaw naturally proceeds to be impertinent to the English people. He pretends to labour under the delusion that the people of England, or, at any rate, a large section of them, imagine that the "Merry Widow" presents "a complete, satisfactory and edifying view of human motive and destiny," which, of course, is bunkum. We have never seen the "Merry Widow," nor do we propose to gaze on it; but we have seen Mr. Shaw's play, "Getting Married," and we should like to wager that, whether the "Merry Widow" presents a complete, satisfactory and edifying view of human destiny and motive or not, it presents a much decenter and honester view than did Mr. Shaw's "masterpiece."

With his customary obliquity of assertion Mr. Shaw assures us that he does not know why "Blanco Posnet" has been declared unfit to exist. Then he goes on to say that he does know. Here are his own words:

I repeat that I do not know why the play has been declared unfit to exist. It is a very simple and even crude melodrama, with absolutely no sexual interest whatever. It represents a little community of violent, cruel, sensual, ignorant, blasphemous, bloodthirsty backwoodsmen, whose conception of manliness is mere brute pugnacity, and whose favourite sport is lynching. Into this welter of crude newspaperised savagery there suddenly comes a force—not mentioned in "The Merry Widow"—to which they give the name of God, the slightest regard for which they make it a point of honour to despise as mere weakness of character. That force nevertheless, at the crisis which is the subject of the drama, makes them do its will and not their own in a manner very amazing to themselves, and, I should hope, not altogether unedifying to the spectators.

I am given to understand that the introduction of this force into my play as a substitute for the simple cupidities and concupiscences of "The Merry Widow" is the feature that renders the play unfit for performance. It was precisely the feature which made the play worth writing to me. What is called the struggle of a man with God is the most dramatic of all conflicts; in fact, the only one that makes really good drama. But our royal rule is that conflict with God cannot be permitted on the stage. Except when the name of God is taken altogether in vain, by way

of swearing, the Divine Antagonist must be spoken of, even by the most hardened and savage outlaws, with the decorum and devotional respect observed by our Bishops.

This is the ancient and fish-like Shaw method. In the *New Age* Shaw poses as a Freethinker and a Bible-smasher. In "Blanco Posnet" it seems he is to teach us something about the Divine nature. And he is to convince us that "the struggle of a man with God is the most dramatic of all conflicts," and that it is an admirable subject for a crude melodrama by Mr. Shaw. For our own part, we can only say that if Mr. Shaw knew anything about God, or cared two-pence for the idea of God or the integrity of that idea in God's creatures, men and women, he would never have tried to make money out of "Getting Married."

The fact is that Shaw is a Suffragist from the top of his scalp to the tips of his toe-nails. He is the cunning and the subtle enemy of the natural decencies. There is a natural decency about marriage, and Shaw and his gang are, of course, irked by it. For the last five years at any rate they have been labouring and shrieking hard to get rid of it. What they want is free love. The Censor has given them yards of rope, and they have strained every inch of it. In the name of high thinking they have descended into the kennels and stews and dark corners of intellectuality, and pretended to discover there wisdom and honour. And now, if you please, it is to be the turn of the natural decency which is in every man's heart with regard to the Divinity. "God," says Shaw, "will at least make a fine subject for a play—that is to say, for a crude melodrama. There will be money in it if you can shock people enough, and here goes." The natural and considered views of mankind on this subject are nothing to Shaw. There are to be no sanctities when Shaw is about, and we are to make a mock and a raree show of the Holy Spirit in order that Bayswater may giggle and Shaw may add a few more paltry pounds to his banking account. We note that Shaw will publish "Blanco Posnet" in England. There is no Censor to prevent him; but there are laws against blasphemy, and if "Blanco Posnet" should turn out to be a blasphemous work the law should be set in motion, not only against Shaw, but against his publishers. Shaw and the people who hang round him make a great outcry when prosecutions are suggested. But if anybody stole Mr. Shaw's watch or broke into Mr. Shaw's house there would be a prosecution. As a good Socialist Shaw should admit that the thief or the burglar was probably hungry or required money, and that consequently there could be no real harm in the theft or burglary. The harm lies in the fact that the culprit has broken the law. If Mr. Shaw or his publishers choose to break the law, why should they not be punished? Of course, it may be that "Blanco Posnet" is not sufficiently objectionable to bring it within the blasphemy laws; in which case we shall have to put up with it, just as we have had to put up with "Getting Married." Really, what Bayswater wants is not "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet," but the showing-up of George Bernard Shaw.

Of course, the Anarchist section of the Press has come out very strong over "Blanco Posnet." Mr. Redford's action is described as "a menace to freedom," and "an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of thought." We are disposed to believe that the freedom of Mr. Shaw can be very well curtailed without damage to society, and as for his liberty of

thought, he is welcome to think what he likes provided he does not attempt to thrust the result upon people who do not want it. One of Mr. Shaw's friends ululates as follows:

The Press is not free; it is shackled with business considerations. And authorship is mainly a study of what will sell. A Miltonic fervour is not to be expected of either journalists or novelists in the mass, and so the revival of the censorship is a real menace. For who else should care much? What is to inspire Parliament with any respect for literature, or any thought of its old and glorious traditions? It is possible that a conspicuous martyrdom would do it, and Mr. Bernard Shaw might be willing to go to gaol, if he could, for a defiance to the King's official; but I do not know the theatrical proprietor who would go with him. Martyrdom is not business. So, being helpless, Mr. Shaw keeps his temper, and our free nation sees him gagged without a care.

Well, THE ACADEMY is free, and business considerations do not concern it, and in the opinion of THE ACADEMY the censorship of Shaw is an admirable affair. And as for Bernard Shaw going to prison or being more disposed to martyrdom than the average theatrical manager, the notion is preposterous. We believe that Mr. George Edwardes would just as soon go to prison for principle's sake as Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Bernard Shaw will never go to prison for principle's sake, for the very simple reason that, outside money-making and sensation-mongering, he does not know what his principles are. He declines even to limp the streets with the Suffragists, and as for prison—brr! it would not suit him. All the same, if "Blanco Posnet" in book form is blasphemous enough we hope the authorities will consider the question and be careful not to have it tried by City Aldermen. To have done three months for what he conceived to be principle's sake would send Mr. Shaw down to posterity much more gracefully than his plays will. Up to the present he has done nothing which is to the credit of either his principles or his sincerity.

Vanity Fair has been at it again. In the course of a "poem" about Swinburne, our contemporary's poet, Crowley, gives us the following sublime stanza:

So, Swinburne, sleep! That which is written is written.
I will not weep. The torch of song is smitten
Into dry straw leaves elsewhere doomed for sure
To damp decay, Victorian manure,
Miasmal squelch, black slough to mire the Sun,
The stink and belch and snivel of Tennyson!

Surely Mr. Frank Harris must have known Tennyson, even as he knew Swinburne, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Darwin, Robert Browning, George Meredith, and possibly Mrs. Aphra Ben. "The stink and belch and snivel of Tennyson!" And yet we read on another page of our contemporary that "through *Vanity Fair* advertisers have an unrivalled opportunity for reaching . . . the cultivated classes of the United Kingdom, the Continent and throughout the English-speaking world." Crowley rounds off his effort with the bald statement: "There is no God," which comes rather richly from the founder of that redoubtable religious brotherhood, the "A. A.," or 'Appy 'Arrises. That Frank Harris has a real taste in poetry, however, is amply indicated by the fact that he publishes opposite Crowley some lines by a Miss Oyler:

Do you see the breakers falling,
Thund'ring madly on the shore?
We can hear the sea-birds calling
O'er the ocean's sullen roar,
And the air with brine is freighted
And the foam flies high and free:
Ev'ry nerve's exhilarated
When the wind blows off the sea!

Watch, a wall of foam—a hollow,
And the seaweed sweeps away,
For the waters bid it follow
In their train of silver spray;
With the ratt'ling shingle giving
Vent to wild, unbounded glee.
Surely life is worth the living
When the wind blows off the sea!

We wonder what Mr. Harris's friend, George Meredith, would have thought of this dithyramb? It is infinitely to be preferred to Crowley, truly; but "the cultivated classes in the United Kingdom, the Continent and throughout the English-speaking world" will think their own thoughts about Frank Harris's powers of poetical judgment, which, as a matter of fact, would seem to be just about as bad as Mr. Shorter's.

News from the inner court of things!

The idea of a John Bull League is catching on all over the country. We hope to have everything in readiness at the end of the summer. The League will take a short cut through every other existing organisation—applying the one test of Common Sense to all the problems of the day, and uniting in one great composite body all who—ignoring the platitudes of priests and politicians, and putting aside all cant and self-righteousness—are prepared to think for themselves, act for themselves, and rely upon themselves. Instead of thinking so much about the next life, its members will make the most of this; instead of looking to the Government for everything, they will endeavour to govern themselves; the world will be their country, mankind their brethren—to be worthy men and women, their religion; they will not be any less sinners than others—but they won't be "miserable" ones. The League will be inaugurated at a great meeting in London, and after that meetings will be called in every large town, and local branches formed. It will be a political body without party, and, we hope, a religious one, without creed. The members will be taught to keep their bodies healthy and their minds clean, and that then their souls will look after themselves.

Thus Bottomley. We take it, of course, that the chair of physical development will be given to Professor Vivian, and that Professor Bottomley will occupy the chair of moral philosophy. We quite agree that the readers of *John Bull* need to be taught to keep their bodies healthy and their minds clean. And as for their souls, when you come to think of it, Bottomley does well to disclaim responsibility. In the next paragraph our friend the philosopher speaks of "the *Rex v. Bottomley* scandal." "Scandal" is good.

Mr. Douglas Ainslie has been writing to *T. P.'s Weekly* about *T. P.'s* criticism of "The Song of the Stewarts." Here is *T. P.'s* reviewer's reply:

[I do not think that Mr. Ainslie has quite understood my reason for quoting the "prosaic" lines that he mentions. I did not wish to prove that he was a prosaic writer, but that his choice of subject-matter inevitably condemned him to treat in poetry themes which are obstinately prosaic—so far as modern writers and readers are concerned, at all events. We know that Homer sometimes nods; there is, I suppose, no such thing as a poet who has not written dull lines. But these faults are the faults of the poet; whereas the dulness of such lines as

" . . . and from William descend
The Earls of Arundel whose bloods with the Dukes of
Norfolk blend
By the marriage of Mary the heiress with the Duke whose
life hath end
In the days of Queen Elizabeth,"
is the fault of the form which Mr. Ainslie has chosen.—
THE REVIEWER.]

Which leaves us without doubt that *T. P.'s* reviewer's knowledge of "form" is vast.

VILLON

THEY threw me from the gates: my matted hair
Was dank with dungeon wetness; my spent frame
O'erlaid with marish argues: everywhere
Tortured by leaping pangs of frost and flame,
So hideous was I that even Lazarus there
In noisome rags array'd and leprous shame,
Beside me set had seemed full sweet and fair,
And looked on me with loathing.

But one came

Who laid a cloak on me and bore me in
Tenderly to an hostel quiet and clean;
Used me with healing hands for all my needs.
The mortal stain of my reputed sin,
My state despised, and my defilèd weeds,
He hath put by as though they had not been.

S. S.

SYCORAX AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE

THE other afternoon, taking our life in our hands, we ventured to walk into the very jaws of the lion as it were. Recollections of the fate suffered by Orpheus at the hands of the Mænads circled around our devoted head like so many bats; we thought of Scylla, we considered Charybdis, we mused on the syrens, and we remembered the foul witch Sycorax, as we passed dauntlessly over the threshold of Prince's Skating Rink and entered the ominous precincts of the Suffragist "fare," which is now in "full swing." Three ladies of sour aspect at the gates recalled visions of Cerberus; but with honey cakes in the shape of shilling entrance fees, we propitiated this terrible trinity, and found ourselves plunged into the very heart of "the monstrous regiment of women," engaged in their priest-like task of selling chocolates, dolls, ungraceful and unmentionable garments and what-nots in the furtherance of their noble scheme for collecting money for the Suffragist cause. Our determined efforts to maintain an innocent, not to say cherubic, expression of countenance were only partially successful; but we rejoice to say that their failure extended apparently only to the male portion of the camp, and their more or less masculine supporters among the female element. Briefly, Sycorax, who with age and envy had grown into a hoop, suspected us from the first, and Sycorax represented about three-fourths of the ladies present. Her cruel suspicions were apparently shared by a gentleman with a black moustache, a blue serge suit, a ferocious aspect, and quite abnormally large feet, who carefully dogged our footsteps as we wended our way round the "exhibition." Our sagacious readers will have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that the women Suffragists have been reduced to the pass of providing themselves, in case of accidents, with a male "chucker-out," which is very creditable to their common-sense, while throwing a lurid light on the state of their consciences. Ladies who are not female Suffragists, when they are engaged in the joyful task of presiding at the stalls of bazaars and jumble-sales, do not as a rule find it necessary to invoke the assistance of ex-members of that fine force, the police, to protect them;

and that the particular ladies who are presiding over the present Suffragist exhibition should feel it necessary to employ such aid is a caustic commentary on the state of affairs which would be produced if, as Heaven forbid, they succeeded in obtaining the votes for which their souls hanker. It also provides an amusing illustration of the hopelessness of the struggle to upset the laws of Nature in which our good friend Sycorax is engaged. All law and all order rest ultimately on physical force, and physical force is male and not female, and even poor Sycorax, for all her screams and protests, has to admit it; and while she is engaged on the one hand in promoting an "exhibition" of foolishly irrelevant trifles, which constitutes, taking it altogether, an impudent defiance of man, on the other hand, she thinks it necessary to call in man to protect her from the possible results of this impudent defiance. Half a dozen men could walk into the women Suffragists' exhibition at Prince's Skating Rink, turn all the women out, make hay of the exhibits, and put a stop to the whole proceedings, including the heavy-footed parade of the gentlemen from Scotland Yard, in about five minutes. The fact that there are not half a dozen men in London who would think twice about doing such a thing proves the utter futility of the exhibition, and the contempt with which the whole movement is regarded by men of every class and every kind. Nobody takes the least notice of the exhibition, and on the occasion when we were present we should like to wager that there were not ten people present who had paid for admission; while the trade which was going on was, as far as we could see, entirely confined to the sale of tea and cakes, which were being consumed in alarming quantities by hordes of women, interspersed with an occasional sheepish hobbledehoy. Our eagle eye, sweeping rapidly but carefully over the whole assembly, was able to discover the presence of only three pretty girls, and the prettiest of these came forward and offered us a box of sweets in the prettiest manner imaginable. We were cut to the heart by the impossibility in which we found ourselves of buying her sweets, owing to the fact that the money so expended would have perforce been devoted to the purposes of furthering an object which we so heartily abhor. But if the young lady in question has sweets to dispose of, either for her own benefit or for that of any other charitable or meritorious cause, we shall be prepared to buy them in bulk if she will call at this office; for we feel that she and her like by their mere existence afford the strongest argument which can be brought against the woman's Suffrage movement, and the strongest proof that the movement is ultimately ordained to complete and irreparable failure. It is all very well for Sycorax to proclaim that men are brutes and tyrants; that she does not want them; and that she is determined in future to be independent of them. But unless she can persuade girls and women who are not of the Sycorax brand to aid and abet her, her protests and her declamations will not even be listened to. She has had the sense to see this after a great many years, and she has reluctantly been obliged to call to her assistance the young, the pretty, the womanly, and the charming of her sex. A certain section of these ladies have responded to her call, and for a few months they have enjoyed the excitement and the novelty of the whole business; but the novelty is a thing of the past, and the excitement becomes every day less and less. On the other hand, the ordinary natural instincts of womanhood are implanted in their breasts; and as time goes on they do not wear off or become less. On the contrary. Consequently, the moment a man who is not a male Suffragette appears on the scene, they come up and offer him sweets (God bless them) to the confusion of Sycorax, and the putting out of countenance of the professional chucker-out whom she em-

loys. We said just now that it would be an easy task for any half-dozen men in London to go and break up the women's Suffragist Exhibition and make hay of the exhibits. A much easier, and at the same time a much more agreeable plan, would be for half a dozen men of what the advertising columns of the newspapers describe as "good appearance and address" to go round and make love to the young women in the exhibition. Inside of a week they would all become members of the Anti-Suffrage League; Sycorax would be left lamenting, and Caliban would be out of a job.

REVIEWS

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

England and the English, from an American Point of View. By PRICE COLLIER. (Duckworth and Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

Americans: An Impression. By ALEXANDER FRANCIS. (Melrose, 6s. net.)

It is salutary for us, both individually and nationally, that on occasion we should obtain a glimpse of ourselves as others see us from some more reputable and responsible source than a German comic sheet or a visitor's letter to one of our papers, and we welcome such glimpses, only making the condition that they should come as reflections in a mirror, not in a distorting-glass. To the foreigner (excluding the American from that term) we are something of a puzzle; we always have been, and always shall be; he sees only the surface machinery of English life, and rarely comprehends the motive powers of character and social interplay that drive it. Language and temperament form effectual bars, and we are to him a people to be watched, criticised, laughed at or sneered at as the case may be, but rarely to be understood. With the Americans the problem becomes less complicated; year by year they invade our metropolis, and a fair proportion of them are enabled to explore that sanctum of the Englishman's cherished secrets, his home, thus arriving at a more satisfactory idea, on the average, of the national characteristics. When they write about us—they must be driven to do so in sheer retaliation for the volumes we have written on them and their country—they show as a rule a level-headedness which proves that observation has adjusted opinion. We do not refer, of course, to the comments on English men and matters which leap from volcanic headlines in the blatant daily Press of their cities.

The author of "England and the English" has contributed a very distinct and reasonable account, on the whole, of his experiences and impressions during lengthened periods of residence in this island. He gets in some shrewd hits here and there, but never places one "below the belt" as far as we can see, albeit he is by no means always correct. His errors are those of misinformation or ignorance or exceptional personal happenings, and never arise from wilful embellishment or disregard of truth. For example, in describing the average private hotel of London, he says:

The rooms are damp, a small grate-fire mitigates the gloom of the sitting-room, but bedroom and dressing-room retain their damp-blanket atmosphere throughout our stay. A tin tub is brought in in the morning and evening, and you bathe as a protection from the cold. A sound rubbing with a coarse towel takes the place of a fire, or steam heat. No doubt many people die in becoming accustomed to this method of keeping warm, but those who survive have conquered for themselves the greatest empire extant.

Not many hotels, we fancy, would pay expenses for twelve months if this were a representative state of

things; the aspersions might be true of a few dingy buildings in the Euston Road or down some shabby side-street of Bloomsbury, but the argument is the fallacious one familiar to logic from an individual case to generalities. Again, "Nowhere in America does one hear so constantly the nasal twang as in England," an assertion questionable in the extreme; "as in the Mile End Road" would have been more correct, perhaps. And this is really nonsense:

The complexions of the English have often been exploited for our benefit. The damp climate and the exercise out-of-doors produce the red, they say. But on examination it proves to be not the red of the rose, but the red of raw beef, and often streaky and fibrous at that. The features are large and the faces high-coloured, but it is not a delicate pink, it is a coarse red. At a distance, the effect is charming, bright, refreshing; but close to, often rather unpleasant.

Such a libel on the fair faces of incomparable English-women cannot be allowed to go unchallenged, especially in the season—a walk in Bond Street or in Piccadilly on any of these brilliant mornings would disprove it completely. And there are mistakes over one or two questions of salaries. We will pass on, however, to note some more pleasing aspects of the book. The author is diametrically opposed—and emphatic in his opposition—to the idea so prevalent among foreign citizens that the Englishman is "dull"; he is, *au contraire*, "a very cheerful and boyish person"; he "makes a business of keeping young"; it is only our slowness and steadiness and tenacity, our innate faculty of taking things coolly, which tempt the superficial adjective; and a neat point is made here, although the pronouns are somewhat hardly used:

The people who have produced Chaucer, Shakespeare, Swift, Sterne, Sydney Smith, Charles Lamb, and Robert Louis Stevenson may well laugh at any accusation of their lack of intellectual humour; while the people who have gobbled the wealth and commerce of the world for a century may look on with some amusement while other nations call them dull. . . . The English genius is not for analysis, but for action. He seeks to act, to do, to accomplish, and the first necessity is to get people, or things, or horses, or ships, or balloons, or motors, steady. They cannot start, they cannot be controlled, without steadiness. They demand this quality above all others in their statesmen, their soldiers, as well as in their horses. There is no talk of glory as in France; no constant vision of self-advertisement, and of self-advancement by means of the reporter's pen and camera. England expects every man to do his duty, that's all. The glory and the advertisement may take care of themselves.

An admirably critical balance is preserved when the author compares and contrasts American with English institutions and customs, and he freely condemns his own country's methods where necessary; the pernicious influence of a rapid-fire Press, for instance, is censured with judgment:

The dusty chatter of the newspapers is working upon the mental make-up of mankind . . . Too much comes pelting upon minds untrained to analyse and incapable of sifting the grain from the chaff. The more generally educated, and the more generally curious mentally, are those who suffer most from this dust-cloud of the newspapers. Men who are only intelligent enough to keep in one way, and to do one task, and to serve one master, are diverted, excited, made discontented, and led astray, by this enormous variety of news, which comes to them every day, but which concerns them not at all. . . Many people are like children, to whom it would be a mercy to keep them in ignorance of many of the grosser happenings which fill the papers.

And on the succeeding page there is a capital bit of good-humoured banter at our expense:

Englishmen, however, still take their newspapers into their confidence, and have a naive way of writing to them on all sorts of subjects. If an Englishman rows down the Thames

and stops for luncheon at an inn and is overcharged, he promptly writes to his newspaper, and later on his first letter is followed by others, in which the comparative merits and cost of light luncheons on the Continent, in Canada, in Central Asia, in Seringapatam, in Kamtschatka, and everywhere else where Englishmen have eaten and drunk—and where have they not eaten and drunk?—is discussed at length. This goes on till we have a complete international history of mid-day gastronomics. Then the editor writes at the bottom: "We cannot continue this correspondence," and the affair is over.

This, and some other paragraphs in the same style, are sufficiently near to the truth to be amusing without a trace of annoyance.

In the matter of self-reliance and a certain national average of strength, the deduction is made that our manner of permitting youth to associate with age, combined with our public-school system, induces these qualities, with the result that "the English lad is in many respects a man. He is far more to be depended upon, a far more companionable person, and much more at home in the world" than the French and German youth. "If the three of them go out to the Colonies we all know what happens. The French boy keeps the books, the German boy attends to the foreign correspondence, and the English boy manages both."

The conclusions which are finally arrived at are not altogether favourable to our conceit of ourselves as a nation. Here and there a weak place in our armour is indicated; the slow incursion of an alien element in our population is one—"those who are leaving England are Saxons and Celts, while those who are coming in are Teutons and Jews." America, however, as we shall note when considering the complementary volume, has a much more pressing immigration problem of her own. With the definite statement that England has reached a point from which her decadence may be prophesied we cannot be expected to agree, and some of the sentences on this subject are distinctly amusing:

It is almost laughable to think what would happen should America or Germany start to build ships against her. England would be bankrupt in ten years, her population would emigrate to Canada, South Africa, Australia, and the United States, and the lonely island would become a fourth-rate Power, used principally as a playground by Americans.

Would she? We really think not! A Government with some sense of responsibility would be in command before matters became critical, and "things would happen" of which these airy commentators have little notion; the Devon sea-kings have descendants among us yet. One other astounding slip we must pause to note, in the interests of all good Americans who read this book; the author alludes to Mr. Rudyard Kipling as "the greatest Englishman of letters now living"! And at the time those words were soberly written George Meredith was living, Swinburne was actively with us, not to mention Thomas Hardy. We hope—indeed, we know—that such an unbalanced judgment will not be supported by many Americans of any pretensions to literary equipment.

With the reservations we have noted the volume is a very happily composed compendium of remarks upon our island kingdom and its manners and customs, pungent without being ill-mannered, written—and we regard this as a compliment—in English of good parts and entirely free from slanginess, showing a capacity for analysis and inference quite above the average level of books of this class. Chapters on "Sport" and "An English Country Town" deserve special mention, but we cannot stay to illustrate their good points; and a short account of the Irish question rounds off a most interesting summary of the state of affairs in these dominions at the present day—from an outside point of view.

With curious opportuneness Mr. Alexander Francis issues his "Americans: an Impression" within a few days of the above book, so that in setting one against the other we can perhaps arrive at a fairly clear apprehension of the salient features of the two great nations which are united so closely by the tie of a common language, though often separated leagues apart in thought, feeling, and method. We notice that part of this second book was written in America, part in England, that it was revised in Russia, that the preface is dated from Calcutta, and that the author has lived in Australia and in South Africa, so that in all conscience his pronouncements ought to be cosmopolitan enough and free from bias. When we add that he has toured Europe, drops occasionally into Greek, and possesses a smattering of Yiddish, it will be seen that something in the way of book-making may be anticipated which shall carry a little more worth than the random jottings of a visitor's notebook; and we are not disappointed. With no disparagement to the work of Mr. Collier, this volume is scholarly to a degree, and investigates questions of temperament and national character in a manner that is distinguished and penetrating; a considerable logical faculty, the power of building up conclusions by precise and careful sentences, is also present in exceptional force.

Climate, perhaps, has had a good deal to do with making the American alert, pertinacious, and a trifle impatient; he is not, superficially regarded, a particularly attractive person as a rule; but we find that whenever he can Mr. Francis speaks a favourable word for him. The self-assertiveness of the people is due, he thinks, rather to superabundant vigour than to vanity; this makes them "impressionable and volatile and disposed to run to extremes"; and while it is undeniable that their practical side has developed at the expense of their artistic capabilities and high intellectual output, a deeper life still exists "which has suffered no permanent evil from the gusts of commercial passion with which its surface is constantly swept." "A humble heart," he says, "has always been beneath their bluster and brag." His analysis of this undue boastfulness is very pretty:

It is easy to believe that to wield any kind of influence over the masses of an enormously democratic community in whom ultimate power lies, an individual must make his expressed opinions much more pronounced than his inward convictions. Therefore, when the nation, after its first years of national inexperience, which were characterised by unreasonable optimism, was in danger of growing diffident in face of its great and increasing responsibilities and tasks, its leaders made conscious exaggeration, in order to maintain the nation in a just appreciation of its powers; and the people, slow to see through the exaggeration, were quick to make it their own, and then were inevitably driven to spend themselves that they might make sure of the wealth, and to throw themselves into violent motions that they might make sure of the powers, which they had been told that they possessed. By this process, without gaining the assurance that they sought, they lost the secret of silence, dignity, and repose; and more than ever it seemed necessary, in order to impress the people, to resort to noise and effort, to act and effect. Then was the era of brag.

At the present time the author is of the opinion that bragging in America is in danger of becoming a lost art; an opinion with which we can hardly coincide.

Mr. Francis appears to have fraternised with the American student to an extent which few strangers outside the professorial staffs can manage, and as a consequence we have chapters on the American educational system which are thorough, and, when expedient, severe. Perseverance seems to be the dominant note of the young man who decides to "get on," and we are treated to the mythical but instructive story of the self-supporting student "reading from a volume of Xenophon which he held in his right hand, while with his left he sold socks, suspenders, and collar-buttons to the undergraduates." On the whole, the collegiate apparatus in vogue in the United States

seems to be the best available when the immense discrepancy between the aims and desires of so huge a number of determined young men is taken into consideration, but the method of awarding the degree is open to revision. This honour goes "not for final proficiency in a coherent and well-balanced course of study, but for a pass in four subjects in each of four successive years, the whole number of subjects being in some colleges as disconnected, even as chaotic, as the student may please." The severity of disapproval, however, is reserved for the wonderful combination of ferocity and a bastard kind of sport which obtains under the denomination of "College Athletics." The importance attached to physical struggles between different colleges is altogether disproportionate to their value, and the motives which induce these often pitiable displays are of the poorest—"to command the esteem of their fellows and excite the admiration of the public" is the negation of sport as we regard it in England, and "to get their college into the limelight" is not much better. Over here we defend the game, as such. One revealing glimpse came to the author on his travels. He had yielded to the request of some victorious students for a congratulatory address; but afterwards the men explained that their extreme elation was due to the fact that one of the competing colleges had "meanly enticed their trainer from them by the offer of a higher salary than their college could afford to pay." It is a pity that the ordinary common-sense of the students does not save them from that sort of degradation, although, of course, we realise that many honourable exceptions must be made from this sweeping condemnation.

The question of the millions of aliens who seek the land of freedom, refugees from Russian despotism, Italian poverty, and other evils, is the subject of another capable inquiry. The immigration problem is becoming serious; last year 1,200,000 strangers settled in America; the descendants and successors of the seventeenth-century immigrants have become the natives of to-day; "and the new native, who was the immigration problem to the Indian, finds the new immigrant a problem to himself." The tremendous influx of families whose members are to a large extent non-combatants, neither equipped mentally nor physically for the fight which needs stamina and pluck, must in the long run have a weakening effect on the nation in spite of its size and resources, but we cannot spare space to quote from the very pertinent pages which Mr. Francis devotes to this important topic. We note with pleasure that he holds sound views on the matter of Socialism—"the most precious thing in the world," he remarks, "is the individual mind and soul with unfettered capacity for service and growth"; and with this we must conclude our glance at these informative volumes. Of the two, the latter probes more deeply into causes and discusses more finely and acutely the pressing problems of the day; its style is more literary, its results more profoundly significant and interesting. The former has a popular style, and a hasty reader might be inclined to give it precedence in point of entertainment. People of both nations will read both these books, and people of both nations will doubtless find that they can pick fairly large holes in each; but we welcome them as contributions to the elucidation of national behaviour and national characteristics which deserve to be widely circulated and gravely considered on both sides of the dividing ocean.

FIFTY YEARS OF IT

Fifty Years Of It. By the RT. HONBLE. SIR JOHN H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland. (William Blackwood and Sons, price 10s. 6d. net.)

"THE year 1909 should have seen the celebration of the jubilee of the Volunteer Force." So begins Sir

John Macdonald's Introduction, and though the Territorial Army has taken the place of the Volunteers that new home army could not have been called into existence if the many thousands of Volunteers who have joined it had not done so. Thus Sir John Macdonald has every right to say "that the present year may be justly held to be the jubilee year of the Force which General Peel brought into being in 1859."

There is no living man, and there never has been one, so well qualified to tell of these fifty years, no one more capable of doing so than is the learned and gallant author. He was one of the very first enrolled in the Citizen Force in Edinburgh in 1859, just before he was called to the Bar; and, of course, he joined the Advocates' Company—No. 13. He writes: "I got no shilling, but was informed that my uniform must be made by the selected tailor of the company, and would be handed over to me on payment of so many pounds, shillings and pence sterling." Thence on he served in every possible grade (except Regimental Sergeant-Major) until he commanded, as Brigadier-General, the Forth Brigade, and finally retired in 1902. But he became Honorary Colonel of the Motor Volunteers in 1903, and now is still serving, because he is the Chairman of a Territorial Association. Sir John does not disguise a very justifiable pride that his career is a proof that Volunteering was no obstacle to professional progress. While advancing through the non-commissioned ranks to a commission, and through the junior commissioned ranks to command, with unusual rapidity, he also in process of time became Lord Advocate and then Lord Justice Clerk. In him history repeated itself. For the Volunteers of Edinburgh at the time of the Napoleonic wars were commanded by Lt.-Colonel Charles Hope, who also became Lord Advocate and then Lord Justice Clerk, and retained his command while holding these offices. Sir John remembers as a boy seeing him hopelessly paralysed but still in his carriage, attending every review of troops in the Queen's Park, Edinburgh.

In "Fifty Years Of It" we learn to know very thoroughly our Citizen Army. The Volunteers were organised first as companies only—and companies enrolled from the professional and tolerably well-to-do classes alone. They paid every penny of the cost of their uniform, arms and equipment. Then followed artizan companies, who were armed by Government, but they had to clothe themselves, and each man paid 10s. on enrolment and £1 in instalments. We are told that no case occurred of defaulting. Very soon regiments were formed, and Macdonald's company became part of the Edinburgh Volunteer Rifle Corps, afterwards to become the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade. With much humour the earlier companies are sketched. Men of all ages joined them, and men too old to care to show themselves in uniform to their wondering (if too admiring) fellow-citizens used to come to the drill ground in mufti great-coats and silk hats, disguising the Queen's livery underneath. But, young or old, they worked in those days with a will and generally averaged more than one drill a day. The author's first distinction was to be the Colour-Sergeant on the right of the 4th Artizan Co. on the right of the Edinburgh Rifles, and thus to be the first Volunteer that the Queen inspected when she reviewed the Scottish Volunteers in 1860. But the book is so full of detail both of Sir John Macdonald's career and of the careers of the officers of the Queen's Brigade and of the doings of that most distinguished corps that if we began to quote we should fill column after column.

Royal and other reviews, manoeuvres, camps of exercise, regimental drills, rifle practice, and war training are all described in the minutest details. It is all evolution and progress. We begin with stiff barrack-

square drill, with invectives hurled at it by the gallant author. Then looser and more comfortable movements. "Sham fights" gradually develop into manoeuvres. Some of the most sham of sham fights are humorously reproduced. Shooting and the progress in skill at arms, which soon attended rational training, show us how the Citizen Army in that most essential branch of soldiering in some cases led the Regular Army. Sir John Macdonald, from the very beginning of his career, was a rebel against old cut-and-dried stiff drill. Without any doubt he has influenced as much as most of our Army generals the rescue of our soldiers from a multitude of useless movements. To the old-fashioned soldier of the 'sixties and 'seventies he was a detested Radical. The Royal Duke who was so many years Commander-in-Chief, seeing a movement performed on a parade which he had forgotten that he had sanctioned, was heard to mutter: "That will be that — Scotch lawyer again." But by all the most progressive soldiers, such as Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Henry Brackenbury (who were his contemporaries), his common-sense ideas were very welcome and very generously acknowledged.

But the book is too long. Manoeuvres are recorded with detail worthy of a campaign. The incidents of a field day are lent the importance of those of a battle. We do not venture to dispute the importance of most of the points in Infantry training for which Sir John Macdonald struggled—and successfully struggled—but he repeats his arguments in favour of them too often. First he begins with a full brief against the extreme of step drill under which he became a soldier, and he is an able counsel for the prosecution. But as in his long career drill book after drill book appeared without the progress that he hoped for, after each new Book (the "Book" he always calls each of them) he argues out his case afresh with voluminous quotations. The arguments are nearly always sound, the quotations from great captains are quite unimpeachable; but when we hear it all over afresh about four times (more than once the same quotation being repeated) it becomes rather wearisome. In 1886 the author wrote a pamphlet, "Common-sense on Parade, or Drill without Stays." In the book of Infantry training published in 1902 he claims that 146 out of 178 points of reform urged in that pamphlet had been included, and he shows much due pride and gratitude. Rifle training had his keen support from the time that he got his commission in the Queen's Brigade (The Blacks, from the colour of his uniform). He became a member of the Council of the National Rifle Association while he was a Captain and was the origin of the organisation which trained the Scottish Volunteer team to such a very successful career in international rifle shooting. A lighter side of Wimbleton is recorded on page 295, when Sir John Macdonald earned his last fee as a pleader. A young officer was tried for stealing a halfpenny from a young lady. The Lord Advocate was counsel for the prosecution, and the poor subaltern was convicted. The next morning her host reminded the fair litigant that she had not paid her counsel his fee—and so we read: "She did, putting her lips to my cheek, simply and prettily." Happy Lord Advocate!

The last stage of this career was a very gratifying one. Three companies of the Queen's Brigade went to the war in South Africa and acquitted themselves well. And Sir John Macdonald commanded 4,000 Volunteers in a special training camp for a month. His Brigade orders at the beginning of the training obtained a warm eulogy from Lord Wolseley, and he had every right to the pride which he owns he felt when he received his first pay as a soldier, as part of a force which made the despatch to South Africa

possible of an army larger than has ever moved 7,000 miles over sea. For the first five days of this camp the Brigadier attended morning parades, then went to Edinburgh and sat on the Bench all day, returning by train at night! Well may Sir John Macdonald claim that "this was, perhaps, an unprecedented combination of duties in the world's history, and scarcely possible in any other country but our own." Scarcely, indeed! But, thank Heaven! it is possible in our country. What would have become of us if we had not always had men imbued with some of Sir John Macdonald's spirit and patriotism? Long may he sit on the Bench. Long may he live to give his skilled services to the country as Chairman of a Territorial Association; and let us join him in his "expression of an earnest prayer that the nation may be roused to a sense of its duty to provide an efficient system of defence against invasion, and not be content till it is no longer a sham that can deceive nobody except those who, from motives of selfish ease or false economy, practise an unpatriotic self-deception."

SHORTER REVIEWS

Samson Unshorn. By REGINALD TURNER. (Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 6s.)

IT is a rare thing to find in a book which confessedly is devoted to the study of one person's individuality such a consistency of keen character-drawing as the author has given us in his account of the career of this modern Samson. James Maxwell, the hero, too careless of other people's opinions to be welcomed universally, yet too full of animal spirits and a certain warped friendliness to be actively disliked, is introduced to the reader at a critical point in his boyhood: the headmaster of his school has delicately suggested to the home authorities that James should be "removed" at the end of the term to save the disgrace of a definite expulsion. This decides the amiable couple whom the lad has hitherto regarded as his father and mother to tell him that he is really only their adopted son; with this admission, his character receives the impulse which sets it going defiantly to the end. Realising his indebtedness, he determines never to give his foster-parents cause for sorrow, and succeeds in completing his education at school and college.

Then come days of hesitation. His acute mind observes that people buy what they want in the way of literature, not what is good for them, and after going through a short training in the editorial office of an evening paper he begins his brilliant though not very creditable career as purveyor of snippets to the public. With a sublime indifference to literary aims he starts a journal on borrowed capital:

How It's Done was the title of the modest weekly, and a fortnight after publication it adopted the popular abbreviation and called itself *H.I.D.* It was the first result of Maxwell's observation and study. It professed to tell, in snappy paragraphs, all the secrets of the civilised world. "How It's Done" in the kitchen, the library, the boudoir, the Army and Navy and Civil Service, the pulpit, the prisons, the laboratory, in the provinces, the Colonies, on the Continent, and in Utopia, were only some of its divisions. The paper had special articles on "How Fortunes are Made" (read eagerly by people who would never make them); "How Businesses are built up"; "How Courage is developed," and so on. Experts wrote on "How It's Done" on the Railway, in the Factory, in the Air.

Fireside Fancies, Happy Sundays, The Half Holiday, followed in quick succession, leading to the crowning achievement of *Daily Opinion*, a half-penny addition to London's great news-sheets. The parallel to the actual state of affairs in London at the present moment

is obvious, and the whole of this portion of the story is excellently written, bearing traces of inside knowledge and acute deductions. Maxwell's creed is summed up in this statement to a friend who endeavoured to argue with him:

A journalist is not a voice, the voice of a prophet, but an echo in which people hear themselves speaking. A newspaper—as my newspaper—is a record of what the world is saying, not an example of what it ought to say, or a forecast of what it will say. Only—and this is important—it must give the impression of speaking for itself; its only claim must be that sensible people will agree with it. It need never state that it is merely agreeing with sensible people.

We need not follow in detail the plot. When love comes to this Samson, and he finds that he has encountered a woman with a will as domineering as his own—a lady of title—the wooing is troubled, and in quite a masterly way the author has painted the courtship of these two. Things go all awry; Lady Gertrude marries another suitor, and Maxwell rather soberly weds a girl from his office, a winsome, affectionate little creature whose motherhood opens out new vistas of thought for the self-centred hero. In the end she dies, leaving him with a son, and the restraint of these latter scenes with his wife come near to being the best part of the book. The story is told simply and straightforwardly, in some places almost pugnaciously, and attempts no elevated or embellished style; this is quite consonant with the modern business setting of the chief events. The first two chapters hardly indicate the quality of the matter which is to follow, but after this introductory period the author seems to get into the swing of his task, and the reader is in the grip of strong interests and a vigorous set of men. The theme is fresh, capably dealt with, and a standpoint of impartiality is assumed that makes for unity and convinces at every turn of the narrative.

The Perjurer. By W. E. NORRIS. (Constable, 6s.)

MR. NORRIS is an adept at the craft of novel-writing, and never fails to reward the attentive reader. If we had to define his most prominent characteristic we should be inclined to say it was the knack—almost the art—of omitting all those superfluous sentences, all that padding in conversations, scenery and comment, which tempt the immature writer to eke out his tale to the regulation number of words. This latest story from his careful pen is no exception to the rule; it moves well from start to finish, and keeps to what we might term the "Norris level"—which is a very creditable level, if not an exceedingly high one. The perjury which gives the book its theme does not occur until over two hundred pages have been passed, but events lead up to it cleverly. Colonel Julian, at the inquest on young Lord Lavernock, swears that he, and not another man, sat up playing cards with the dead man one night; by doing so he shields the lover of Helen Monk, the heroine, for Lord Lavernock, after losing heavily, had committed suicide in his bedroom, and a certain moral guilt rested upon whoever induced him to play for high stakes. This is, of course, a bare statement of the central incident of the book, and it is not to be imagined that the general tone of the story is gruesome; on the contrary, there are some very pleasant passages of humour. The introduction of a frivolous actress, secretly married to the good-for-nothing Lavernock, occasions a neat paragraph:

In this frankly idiotic piece she had two rather catching songs and a dance. The rest of her part was insignificant, or, to speak more accurately, she had none. What happened was, that from time to time somebody tickled her or gave her a sly dig in the ribs. She then doubled up and became convulsed with laughter, which communicated itself to her fellow-performers, spread in ripples across the footlights, gained

stalls, boxes, pit and gallery, and culminated in a universal roar of hilarity. Apparently this was one of those subtle strokes of humour so dear to the British heart. Age cannot stale nor custom wither their exquisite monotony.

The love affairs of Susan Bligh, spinster, and Surgeon-Major Spurling, confirmed bachelor, are delightful. Mr. Norris adds to his list a worthy successor in this book.

Where Every Prospect Pleases. By EDMUND FRANCIS SELLAR. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THIS extraordinary book is quite apart from anything which hitherto has come under our notice. It rambles on in a disconnected, happy-go-lucky fashion, with neither plot nor interest of any appreciable value, dealing with absurd people who never do anything in the least degree probable or say anything in the least degree witty. The scene changes from England to Ceylon, and the tag of the title sufficiently indicates to a discerning reader the sort of fare he may expect, for the phrasing is stereotyped, and the consistent attempts to be funny are simply exasperating. Eighty pages are devoted to describing the proceedings of the saloon passengers *en voyage* to Colombo; not one of these people but would be a fit subject for a strait jacket. A sailor is dragged into the scene and given the name "Litelfare" merely for the sake of an obvious and silly pun. The chief character is by way of being a ventriloquist, and acts the clown in that and other ways on every possible and impossible occasion. He shows some members of a dinner party the steps of a dance, and this is the sort of thing that happens:

Next instant the extraordinary spectacle presented itself of three elderly gentlemen, without the accompaniment of music, solemnly jiggling round the drawing-room. Mr. Tanqueray, the mentor, showing the way with all the lissom grace of a springbok, while the General and Archdeacon, their eyes glued to the ground, conscientiously and with the respective ease and agility of an elephant and a dancing bear, proceeded to follow suit.

The author is under a great misapprehension if he thinks that this style of writing and this sort of concoction is either amusing or instructive, and we are sorry to see him descending to the elaboration of such a hapless, witless, weariful tale.

THE NINTH SYMPHONY

Wenn sich meine Musik verständlich macht, der ist über allen Jammer der Welt erhaben.—BEETHOVEN.

(FIRST MOVEMENT.)

WOULDST hear the very voice of mystery,
Inviolate silence speak?
It calls to thee,
It falls to thee;
Drops, drops on thy heart like coming rain upon the face,
As the sparse shower against the cheek.
Listen! thou art as a familiar where no foot hath been;
Thou lookest in where not an eye hath seen;
Thou art a guest in the forbidden place.
Wailing in the pained stillness breeds.
The night-wind never breathed it on the pine,
Never mixed of it the plaint of faded weeds;
Kindred has it none where pale grass waves,
And no stars shine,
And wet autumn drenches unremembered graves:
To-morrow and to-morrow
The darkness and the sorrow;
The wail along the bitter way
Of the children of a day!

(SECOND MOVEMENT.)

As the mists of morning go,
Fled all that woe;
Summer morn sends here
Her players, happiest of the year,
Skilled in lilting measures, fit to run
With nimble dancers i' the sun,
Such as once did of the dew-ball sup,
And house them in the acorn-cup,
Anon to foot the moon-washed knoll behind
The while Titania gave her ringlets to the wind.
Not for long the airy round
Followed of fairy sound;
In giant and in god grows jealousy,
So exquisite the elfin jollity.
Back into the day
The tricksy dancers fade away
Before hoarse revel blasted forth
As from the throat of Thor and all his North,
Or from Thessalian skies the hour such mirth
Shook heaven, men heard it on the earth.

(THIRD MOVEMENT.)

Hark! a low voice sings
Of humble human things
The heart unto itself doth say,
And some other hearkens vainly, far away,
Bolder, now, it grows a shepherd's tune,
Who must for love forget his sheep;
Piping with the bird of June,
Waking and in sleep.
That summer stress
Of loitering loveliness,
Iterative bliss!
June's own minstrelsy it is:
Leafy, ineffable melodies
Persuade the silences.

Lead us, pastoral passion, lead
Down courses of the phantom seed
Wandering the autumn wind to lay
Its little life away;
Convene the tones, half odour and half sound,
Commended of the comfortable ground.
As when the winds in evening leaves begin,
Draw the deft caressing bow
Along the velvet, vesperal violin;
Put the smooth flute to the mouth,
And the woolly horn; blow as the warm winds blow,
Breathe as the soft wind steals
Upon the wild-flower when it feels,
At eventide, first kisses of the South.

(FOURTH MOVEMENT.)

Star-shed melody
As of glimmers of the sea!
Master, out of mortal reach
That utter voice, that mother speech;
Nor thine these strains it went before,
Spreading, dawn-like, to more and more,
Too vast, sublime,
For place and time.
Nature, her generant self, hath so imbued
With speech the locked and stolid wood;
Quickened the vulgar string
To what the thrushes sing;
Made the dumb brass brave
With splendour of the stellar stave;
Ay, Nature stoops to ravish once again
Unusèd ears of men
With snatches from the everlasting strain
That did the wandering worlds into their circuit draw;—
Life's hymn, her rhythmic order, voiceful law.

Earth from the murk of night
 Once more leaps into light!
 All things, from sky to clod,
 Rejoice again, they sing:
Be still and know that He is God!
 Earth, brightened by this riper day,
 Prouder runs her mounting way;
 Voices on all the air
 Wake gladness there:
Have thou the quiet that is sight.
What He builds up shall none destroy;
Go thou the path, and eat thy bread with joy!

Cherubim
 And seraphim,
 On sheer, unwearied wing,
 Take up the song
 High as the heavens, strong as the heavens are strong:
The enduring soul shall unto gladness grow;
Faith shall no question make;
Desire her thirst shall slake;
Love shall have and know!

J. V. C.

ADVENTURES AMONG THE PUBLISHERS

(BY A MINOR NOVELIST)

I AM not going to write any more novels. Before the London publishers as a body commit suicide, or file their own petitions in bankruptcy, I will explain the reason prompting me to take this serious step. In five words it is as follows:—

Novel-writing does not pay.

This is my fixed and unalterable belief. I would like to lose it, but as one who has ten novels to his credit (or discredit, as uncharitably inclined readers may assert) I cannot do so and at the same time retain a reputation for truthfulness.

Let me go into details. They may not make things very clear, but they ought to go some way towards showing why it is that publishers as a class wear fur coats and own motor-cars, while the majority of novelists live in garrets.

It seems a long time since I wrote my first book; yet it was only nine years ago. The volume ran to nearly 100,000 words, and represented the labour of many months. When this work, which I fondly regarded as a masterpiece, was finished, I sent it off to a literary agent, with instructions to sell it for a large sum, and then with the airy confidence of the beginner sat down to indulge in happy speculations as to the result. This, when it came, was not quite what I had anticipated, since it took the form of a demand for a fee of five guineas. However, having at this date more guineas and less knowledge than are now my lot, and thinking that literary agents probably followed the same business methods as money-lenders, I forwarded a cheque. At the end of eight months the agent returned the manuscript, accompanied by a letter stating that he could not "place" it. He did not, however, experience a similar difficulty where my five guineas were concerned. At any rate, he contrived to "place" them beyond recall. Still, and to do him justice, I am prepared to grant that he did take a certain amount of trouble to effect a sale, for he furnished me with the names of eleven firms to whose "readers" the book had been submitted. Judging from the condition of the opening chapter when it came into my hands again, I fancy that some of these experts must have thought they had been asked to pass a critical opinion upon the book's merits as a doormat, instead of as a literary production.

After this somewhat unsatisfactory experience I

resolved to act as my own agent and save preliminary fees. Accordingly, as soon as the soiled pages were neatly re-typed I sent the volume off on its travels anew. The first four houses declined it, as did also the fifth. This one, however (that of Messrs. Macmillan, by the way), appeared to have given it more attention than the others, for the MS. came back with this helpful observation in blue pencil on the margin of one of the pages: "There is no such word as 'certainty' in the English language." Having erased this thoughtful criticism, I despatched the book to Messrs. —. Here, to my surprise, it met, after two months' suspense, with acceptance.

By this time my dreams of amassing a large fortune from Literature had long since disappeared. Hence, when I received an offer of £40 down for the entire copyright, I accepted it gladly. It was not much, perhaps—especially when it is remembered that I had paid one five guineas for typing and another five guineas for the abortive efforts of an agent to dispose of it; still, the book was a first book, and nobody else seemed inclined to offer me fourpence for it. All the same, I do not think Messrs. — made a bad business deal, or lost money by their enterprise. At any rate, the book went out of print almost immediately, and two impressions were sold in America. It also received over a hundred laudatory reviews (the *Spectator* giving it a column and a half), and three bad ones. Accordingly, I cannot consider that it was really so ill-written or uninteresting as to justify its refusal at the hands of the first sixteen firms to whom it had been submitted.

Although I only obtained £40 for this book, its publication certainly did me good, as I promptly obtained £60 worth of commissions from enterprising editors to write articles on the same subject matter. It also induced another firm to commission me to write a small volume in similar style, but of about half the length. The price offered me for this second book was £50 down on account of a 15 per cent. royalty. I received the money, but as no further payments were ever made I presume that the sales did not reach a satisfactory figure. Yet, once more the reviews were certainly all that could be desired.

My third effort, written in the following year, was an ordinary "society" novel. Presumably, it was very ordinary indeed, as seventeen publishers in succession declined it. Only one of this number, Messrs. Arrowsmith, had anything to say about it, and this was that their reader had been "amused." As this achievement seemed scarcely worth striving for, I burned the manuscript, and enjoyed a brief rest from my literary labours. A few months later, at the beginning of 1903, I felt sufficiently refreshed to complete another novel. Although the scheme was somewhat ambitious, its merits evidently failed to impress the publishing world, since fifteen firms refused it. Nothing daunted, I then re-wrote the book and sent it to a second literary agent, who, according to his advertisement, devoted "special attention to the work of new authors." Possibly I was too "new." At any rate, after paying Mr. Agent a guinea for his good offices and waiting in hopeful anticipation for several months the typescript came back to me like a boomerang. Thereupon, I revised it again, and submitted it to four other publishers, on my own account. From Messrs. Constable alone among these I had a word of encouragement, but nothing more. However, there was still one publisher left in London. This was the firm of Messrs. —, to whom the volume was duly submitted. As I heard nothing about it for more than twelve months I then concluded that I was never likely to do so, and accordingly applied myself to the writing of a fifth novel.

This time I thought I would give the Army a turn, and accordingly produced a story of a military nature,

with a gallant young hero performing desperate deeds on every page, and sentiment oozing from each paragraph. It seemed, however, that my military novels were not going to prove more successful than my society ones. At any rate, ten firms declined the opportunity of bringing it out. With, however, the eleventh firm to which it was submitted, the luck changed, as this one accepted it on a 15 per cent. royalty. Unfortunately, however, for my high hopes of deriving a large profit from the book, the firm happened to be insolvent at the time the agreement was made. At any rate, when I applied for payment I was blandly referred to the liquidator. After considerable difficulty and a long delay I eventually extracted about £16 from this source. The story, however, had been so well reviewed that the *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph* gave me ten guineas for the remaining rights, and brought out a cheap paper-covered edition. Of the original six shillings edition no copies are now left, as the "Times Book Club" recently bought up the entire unsold stock as a "remainder." This important work is now, accordingly, out of print. Consequently, readers who want a literary feast will have to go to the British Museum.

At the commencement of 1905 I had completed my sixth novel. It ran to over 100,000 words, and struck me as being rather brilliant. The publishing world, however, evidently thought otherwise, as thirteen firms declined the chance of bringing it out. Thereupon I began (despite an encouraging criticism from Messrs. Hutchinson) to lose faith in its brilliancy myself. However, I sent it off to Messrs. ——. Here it met with prompt acceptance, the terms offered being a payment of £20 on publication, and a further £10 on a sale of 750 copies. Without undue boasting I think I may fairly say that the book "caught on," for it was out of print in three months, and a sixpenny edition issued a few months later also achieved a similar result. The reviews, too, were so laudatory that, as in the case of my first book, several magazine editors promptly commissioned me to write articles and stories for them. Altogether, I netted over £70 from this source.

Having made something of a success with a theatrical novel, I wrote a second one. The agent to whom it was confided sold it to Messrs. ——, charging me 10 per cent. for doing what I could very well have done without his assistance. However, I wanted to be saved the trouble of hawking the MS. round London. The terms arranged were £30 for all rights. Apparently, this book, like its predecessor, also did well, for it went out of print in a little over three months.

The Stage as a source of inspiration being temporarily exhausted, I now returned to an earlier love and wrote another military novel. When five publishers refused it, I began to take a dislike to the MS., and accordingly placed it in the hands of an agent. This expert submitted it to seven more firms without success, and then received an offer from Messrs. ——. I accepted it, if only for the reason that when I myself had sent the book to that house a few months earlier it had been declined. The terms arranged were a payment of £25, on account of a 10 per cent. royalty. So far, the said royalties have proved an illusion, as at present—just a year after publication—they have not materialised. It would appear, therefore, that if I have not made a fortune out of Messrs. ——, they have certainly not made one out of me.

With eight books to my name I now began to think that it was high time I made a little money out of my literary output. Accordingly, when at the beginning of 1907 my ninth work was ready for an expectant world I cast about for a firm with more liberal

views on the subject of payment to authors. I did not, however, meet with much success, as seven publishers were so blind to their own interests as to refuse the novel on any terms at all. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., however, wrote me a most encouraging letter explaining why this particular work (a society novel) did not suit them, and asking to see a second effort. The eighth firm, Messrs. ——, however, proved less exigent, as they brought out the book on a 17½ per cent. royalty, and paid me £40 down. Shortly afterwards I received about £8 extra, derived for the most part from the sale of 500 copies to a Colonial publisher anxious to acquire superior fiction at a cheap rate.

My tenth effort was commissioned by a newly started publishing house, the terms being precisely the same as those just mentioned. I did not, however, do so well out of it, as, after a preliminary payment of £40, nothing more ever came to me. According to the statement of account delivered six months after publication, the total sales were about 1,200 copies. A Colonial edition, however, is in preparation, and time may yet show that there is a huge public awaiting me across the seas.

Still, in my despondent moments, I rather doubt it.

Just after this last work burst upon a comparatively unresponsive world I received a letter from Messrs. ——, accepting a novel which I had submitted them more than a year earlier, and had long since forgotten. The terms were £30 on publication, to cover a sale of 800 copies, with additional payments of £10 on the sale of each subsequent 300 copies. As this particular book had been not only once declined by Messrs. —— altogether, but also by twenty-four other firms, as well as being returned by an agent with the remark that it was quite "unsaleable," I naturally accepted the offer. Up to date the number of copies sold has been somewhere about 900.

My next novel, the tenth I had written, was also commissioned, and therefore did not entail the trouble of finding a home. The firm with which I now dealt was that of Messrs. ——. Presumably, they had a certain amount of faith in me, for they invited me to write them a novel of not less than 60,000 words, undertaking to pay £50 on delivery of the manuscript, as well as the usual royalty. Inspired by this offer, I set to work briskly and in due time produced a book. As I wished to give plenty of value I made it 90,000 words in length. Before despatching it, however, I thought I would try to dispose of the serial rights. Accordingly, and without any hope of success, I sent the manuscript off to *The Sheffield Weekly Telegraph*. Within a week I received and accepted an offer of £100 from this source.

It used to be a theory of mine that, after one had published, say, half a dozen books, there would be no difficulty in getting all one's future work not only taken up without hesitation, but also handsomely paid for. Experience, however, has not borne out this comforting theory. At any rate, although my name appears on the cover of ten volumes, I still have one book on my hands which I wrote last year and for which I can get no offer of any shape, sort, size, or description whatever from any publisher in London. Indeed, only a single firm appears even to have nibbled at it. Their comment was as follows: "Very well written, and quite worth publishing. Unfortunately, we fear it would give pain to the theatrical profession." This does not strike me as an entirely sufficient reason for declining a book that is thus certified to be "very well written, and quite worth publishing." However, there it is, and the masterpiece accordingly remains on my hands. If anybody still wants it I am prepared to let it go for a £5 note.

In the course of my adventures among the publishers I have had some rather curious experiences;

and the more I have seen of their methods the more I have felt inclined to marvel at them. On one occasion, for example, I received a letter from the head of a certain firm, saying that he was "interested" in a new book of mine, and asking me to write him one in the same style. I replied that it would have been more to the point if he had shown the "interest" he now professed by accepting the book when I sent it to him six months earlier. This view of the case, however, elicited no response. When the same thing happened a second time, about a year later, a suspicion began to force itself upon me that the manuscripts submitted to this particular house did not meet with quite the consideration to which they were entitled.

On another occasion a publisher who had brought out a novel of mine asked me to call and see him with a view to discussing terms for a second. After some little preliminary talk on the subject, he heaved a plaintive sigh and then remarked, "You will be sorry to hear that I did not make much more money than you out of your last novel." When I had recovered somewhat from the first shock of this announcement, I inquired why, considering he had not written it, he should imagine he was entitled to make even as much. Thereupon he cast a pitying glance at me and observed in withering accents, "My dear sir, you are talking like a novice."

Of course, this may have been the case. Still, I fail to see it.

The average publisher dearly loves to pose as a patron of letters. Yet, despite all their fine talk about encouraging beginners, I firmly believe that it is almost easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a young author to get a first book taken up solely on its merits, and to make money out of it. He will receive plenty of offers to print it at his own expense—even the leading houses dabble in this sort of business—but he will be particularly lucky to find a firm who will take the risk and pay him enough to meet the cost of his typewriting bill. Indeed, the senior partner of one big firm was, the other day, quite candid to me on this point. "Unless a man is well known and has made his name as a novelist, it is no good," he said, "for him to bring us a book. We don't want it. When he has made a reputation, let him come to us." This is all very well. Yet the policy seems a short-sighted one, for, if authors are to wait until they have first made a reputation they will never get their books published at all. When, however, I expressed this view, my informant merely shrugged his shoulders and murmured something about the impossibility of arguing with people who did not understand "business."

Such, then, is the tale of my achievement in the direction of book-writing as a means of a livelihood. And what does it all amount to? Nothing very encouraging, I am afraid. In ten years' time I have had ten books published. While no single one of them can be accounted a failure, and several have enjoyed quite respectable sales, yet the financial profit to myself has been less than £500. Surely, this is a poor result. The same amount of industry and brain expenditure applied to almost any form of commercial pursuit would probably have brought me twenty times as much money. In moments of expansiveness my publishers attempt to console me with the assurance that I have also acquired Fame.

Well, I could do without it.

This, then, is why, after due reflection, I have decided to give up novel writing and to devote the remainder of my life to keeping ducks in the country.

DODGE

IN THE ACADEMY (May 15th) I suggested that E. *dodge* represented a F. *douger*, "to stumble slightly" (of a horse), recorded by Palsgrave and Cotgrave.

Mr. Mayhew (ACADEMY, May 22nd) rejects this etymology on the grounds that a Northern dialect variant of *dodge* is *dadge*, and that F. *douger* would give *dudge*. He does not attack the semantic arguments I put forward, so I will confine myself to the phonetic objections. If *dodge* is the original form and *dodge* a dialect variant (cf. dialect *cotch* for *catch*), my conjecture is obviously all wrong. But, as *dodge* is the only literary form, it is much more likely that *dodge* is the variant. Also, from the examples in the E.D.B., it is by no means clear that the dialect *dodge* (*dadge*), apparently "to saunter aimlessly," has anything to do with *dodge*, "to waver," and, later, "to evade." It is quite true that Mod. F. *ou* corresponds regularly to E. *u*; but the examples quoted by Mr. Mayhew are, I think, all words which occur early in the language, and show the regular Norman *u* for O.F. *o*, later *ou*. A less normal development might occur in the case of a word which is only recorded late in the sixteenth century. I do not, however, think that Palsgrave's *douger* is a correct form, and I quite agree with Mr. Mayhew that it can hardly be connected with O.F. *dougié*, delicate. Palsgrave's spelling is notoriously eccentric, but I do not think that he invents words. His *douger* is probably his own, or his printer's, mistake for some O.F. word recorded, if at all, in another form. Godefroy has a verb *doquier*, *dokier*, "se dresser, en parlant d'un cheval" (?), in a passage which I do not quite understand:

Puis r'a une lanche empoignie,
Mais chilz a cui il doit joustier
Si consillier li vont loer
Qu'il voist *doquier* au chevalier
Bien puet parmi lui tresbuchier,
Ensi a chelui cangeroit,
Millour cheval u mont n'avoit;
Et chilz dist que bien le fera.
Atant cascuns lance empuingna,
Et lor viennent tout abrievé;
Chilz a son cheval surmené
Qu'il le cuida faire *dokier*.
Onques ne li puet adrechier,
Li chevalz au traviers aloit.

(Sones de Nansay, M.S. Turin).

I think these lines are corrupt, but it is clear that *doquier* refers to some swerving or dodging manoeuvre of a very artful kind. The text is obviously from a Picard or Walloon original, and the F. form of *doquier* would be **dochier*. We have E. *grudge* for older *grutch* (O.F. *grouchier*), and I think it possible that *dodge* may represent an older **dotch* and Palsgrave's *douger* be a misty recollection of **docher*. This is, I admit, very conjectural. As to this O.F. *doquier* I suggest that it represents O.Du. *docken*, given by Kilian as a variant of *duycken*, "to duck." Cf. G. *ducken*, and *Duckmäuser*, an artful dodger, spelt *Dockmäuser* by Hans Sachs (Kluge). In Binnart's Biglotton (1676) *duycken* is glossed "latere, delitescere, abdere se, latebras querere, diverticula querere," the last of which might very well be rendered *dodge*.

E. W.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the rooms of the Sociological Society, 24 Buckingham Street, W.C., on May 24th, Mr. R. H. Tawney, of Balliol College, Oxford, read a paper on the Theory of Pauperism, Dr. C. S. Loch presiding. The lecturer analysed the doctrines laid down in the Report of the 1834 Poor Law Commission, pointing out the significance of the Commissioners' assumption that distress was not due to industrial causes, but to defects of individual character worked upon by a bad system of relief administration. He contrasted this with the admissions of the majority of the recent Poor Law Commission, noting that out of the 670 pages of the

Report no fewer than 136 were given up to an analysis of the industrial causes of distress: an analysis such as we looked for in vain in the Report of 1834. To the earlier Commissioners, poor law relief was merely an administrative problem. They aimed at making relief unattractive and ineligible, and in so far as the existing poor law system had any philosophical basis at all, that basis was the leading doctrine of the 1834 Report; yet the proposition that distress was due to personal causes was almost as untrue in 1834 as we know it to be to-day. The lecturer characterised the conception underlying the Report of 1834 and the present system as a gigantic historical blunder. Proceeding to examine the main conclusions of the Majority and Minority on the last Commission, the lecturer stated that he had been led to prefer the findings and recommendations of the Minority.

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Recent texts of the plays lend the weight of their authority to perpetuate what I believe to be erroneous decisions of former editors, this in cases where the correct reading or meaning is reasonably obvious. The following summaries of textual criticism are respectfully submitted for whatever value they may have by way of illustration:

Romeo and Juliet, I. i. 88-9.

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel.

May not "of" be understood to signify *in consequence of*, through, as in "What shall become of this?" (*Much Ado*, IV. i. 211)?

Romeo and Juliet, I. i. 234-5.

'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.

I believe we have here a characteristic Shakespearean play upon words. "Question," from *quærere*, to seek; "exquisite," from "ex" (out) and *quærere*. Thus we have "exquisite" contrasted with "in question."

Romeo and Juliet, I. ii. 101-2.

But in that chrysal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid.

I do not think this means, as Clarke suggests: "Let there be weighed the little love your lady bears you against the charms of some other maid." We are not told that she bears him any love at all. But, considering her love as a thing in supposition, and estimating the desirableness of it, could it be won, we may understand "Let there be weighed the value of your lady's love against the value of the love of some other maid."

Romeo and Juliet, III. iii. 26.

hath rusht aside the Law.
(Folio.)

Instead of "rusht," I believe we should read *thrust*, the error, for the most part, being explained by the theory of absorption. The *th* of *thrust* was absorbed in the preceding "hath," the mis-hearing of the compositor who set up from dictation further changing *hath thrust* into "hath rusht."

Romeo and Juliet, IV. iii. 28-29.

It occurs to Juliet that the sleeping potion may in reality be poison, administered by the friar to put her out of the way, but she repels the thought by reasoning—

and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
(Second Quarto Folios.)

In the First Quarto we find Juliet moralising as follows:

Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.

Steevens, followed by many editors, constructed a text by adding to the revised version of the Second Quarto and Folios the last line of the First Quarto, reading:

and yet, methinks, it should not,
for he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.

In the First Quarto the consideration leading to the rejection of the thought of poison is one of morality—it is wrong to suspect the friar; in the subsequent Quarto and Folios, however, the consideration is one of pure reason—the suspicion is rejected because it is not consistent with the proven character of the friar. In the text composed of the reasoning later version and the closing line of the moralising First Quarto version we have a confusion of thought which must be apparent at a glance. Juliet's mind is keyed up to such a pitch of desperation that the ethical point of view—the sentiment of right and wrong—is entirely out of place, and the instinct of self-preservation is in full control. The evidences of careful revision in this instance are so unmistakable that there would appear to be no justification for making up a text.

Romeo and Juliet, V. iii. 170.

This is thy sheath [stabs herself]; there rust, and let me die.
(Globe.)

The First Quarto reading is—

Rest in my bosom, thus I come to thee.

[She stabs herself and falls.]

The other Quartos and the Folios read "rust" (practically as in Globe).

Even without the strong support which "rest" of the First Quarto lends to the conjecture that "rust" is a misprint, I think there is good cause for so regarding it. Dyce properly says, ". . . at such a moment the thoughts of Juliet were not likely to wander away to the *future rusting* of the dagger. . . ."

For the fleeting moment that Juliet has at her command she will keep in her heart the means of death furnished by her dead lover. She knew that discovery was near at hand, and feared that delay would frustrate her purpose—"yea, noise, then I'll be brief." (L. 169.) It would be impossible that she should think the dagger would be permitted to rust in her bosom, however truly she might say "Here rest," as indicating that she did not care to withdraw it after the thrust. For the dagger to rust would require some time, but "rest" could be true of even a moment, that moment being subject to her control.

Julius Cæsar, I. ii. 154-5.

When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompast but one man?

Rowe changed "walks" of the Folio to *walls*. Discussion has dealt only with the literal meaning of "walks," but it seems to me that "wide walks" has a larger significance, and that we should understand that the poet refers to *spheres* of action. Neither "walks" nor "walls," in the usual sense, could fairly be said to encompass Rome's greatest man. Much of Cæsar's life was spent abroad in conducting the enterprises in which the Roman power was engaged, and therefore outside the walls of Rome.

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
(I. iii.)

"Wide walks" gives this idea of far-reaching spheres of activity, encompassing the military and administrative genius of the Romans.

Julius Cæsar, I. iii. 126-130.

for now this fearefull Night,
There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favors, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.
(Folio.)

Omitting "like the work we have in hand," which is virtually parenthetical, we have the clear statement—

And the complexion of the element (sky)
Is favours (appearances)
Most bloody, fierie, and most terrible.

the last line modifying "favours," the predicate. No emendation for "Is favours" is necessary.

Twelfth Night, I. v. 219.

Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Viola has met with opposition from Olivia's attendants, and with seeming reluctance on the part of the lady herself to grant an interview. As Viola has a message to deliver she now

says, in effect, "Tell me your mind as to your willingness or unwillingness to hear the message that I bring." As the message has not been delivered, the request cannot be for an expression of Olivia's opinion of the message. Olivia's reply is proof, if any be needed, that this is the right explanation:

"Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office."

Olivia tells her mind, that is, expresses her willingness to hear what Viola has to say.

Twelfth Night, I. v. 251-3.
but we will draw the curtain and show
you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was
this present: is't not well done? [Unveiling.]

Rightly to understand the words "such a one I was this present," I think we have only to construe them as the usual formula for exhibiting one's own portrait. If in later years Olivia were to draw the curtain and show her portrait when a young woman, we should expect her to say, "Such a one I was in my youth." Now, playfully using this form of expression, she says, "Such a one I was—this present."

Winter's Tale, I. ii. 74-5.
The imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Warburton explains: "That is, setting aside *original sin*; bating the imposition from our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven."

But it was not original sin that Polixenes was disclaiming for himself and Leontes. He makes the plain distinction between hereditary (original) sin and that which might have been of their own commission. Warburton confuses the thought in stating "imposition from the offence of our first parents." It is not original sin that constitutes the imposition, but the sins, if any, committed by Polixenes and Leontes, these sins being imposed upon original sin. I should read—

"The imposition cleared (the adding to, imposing of anything upon, original sin having been cleared by our boldly answering 'Not guilty') hereditary ours (only the sin which was hereditary could be imputed to us").

Winter's Tale, I. ii. 146-50.

POL. What means Sicilia?
HER. He something seems unsettled.

POL. How, my Lord?

LEO. What cheer? how is't with you, best Brother?

HER. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction. Are you mou'd (my Lord?)

(Folio.)

The Folio reading is manifestly wrong, and Hammer's suggestion that the line, "What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?" belongs to Polixenes, instead of to Leontes, has been followed by nearly all the modern editors. It seems, however, to have been overlooked that there is a further confusion in the distribution of the speeches quoted above, and that a portion of this line ("What cheer?") and the preceding words, "How, my lord!" should be given to Hermione, as a continuation of her speech, when she turns from Polixenes to express wifely solicitude for Leontes. "My lord" is her habitual expression in speaking of, or addressing, her husband (see lines 40, 61, 65, 87, and 150 in this scene and elsewhere in the play). The form of mutual address used by the two kings is "brother." Since the Folio distribution of the speeches in question is admittedly wrong, we should be guided in their rearrangement by the characteristic utterances of the speakers. It will be noticed that

How, my lord!
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

as usually assigned to Polixenes, contains two distinct addresses and inquiries—"How, my lord! (first address); What cheer? (first inquiry); How is't with you (second inquiry), best brother?" (second address)—in view of which fact and the characteristic utterances of the speakers, I should distribute the speeches as follows:

POL. What means Sicilia?

HER. He something seems unsettled.—How, my lord!
What cheer?

POL. How is't with you, best brother?

HER. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you moved, my lord?

While recognising the propriety of restoring "How is't with you, best brother?" to Polixenes, there seems something

incongruous in the two expressions "my lord" and "best brother," coming from one speaker, as in the arrangement suggested by Hammer, implying, as they do, different relations or character of intimacy, besides the fact that one of them is redundant.

Winter's Tale, I. ii. 157-8.

and so prove,

As ornaments oft do's, too dangerous.

May we understand "do's" as being a contraction of *do us*— "and so prove, as ornaments oft do (prove to) us, too dangerous"? The "us" includes the king among those to whom "ornaments" (an allusion to the queen) oft prove too dangerous.

Winter's Tale, V. i. 12.

LEON. Bred his hopes out of, true.

PAUL. Too true (my Lord).

Theobald gave the closing word of the king's speech, "true," to Paulina, in which he is followed by nearly all the modern editors. I think the change is uncalled for. The old dictatorial spirit of Leontes is gone, the Folio reading of this line giving us an insight into his changed character. Cleomenes, whose speech opens the scene, makes an assertion, beginning with—

Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A Saint-like sorrow :

which Leontes does not feel to be merited. In contrite refutation, the king speaks of the excellent qualities of his lost queen, and at the close turns to Paulina for sympathetic confirmation. Paulina's "Too true, my lord," is the proper reply (by intensified repetition) to the king's question—"True?" The only correction necessary in the Folio reading is to show "true," the closing word of the king's speech, as an interrogation.

Othello, I. i. 21.

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

Grant White rejected the theory of any allusion to Bianca, and she is the only woman named (and that in jest) as a possible wife of Cassio. If we take into consideration the circumstances leading up to the conversation between Iago and Roderigo, I think we need not be at a loss for the true meaning of the line. The marriage of Desdemona is the subject discussed. Among Cassio's supposed disqualifications is it not intended to include, according to Iago's evil thought, the fact that, in view of Othello's having a fair wife, it is unsafe to retain such a man as Michael Cassio in the close relation of lieutenant; that such a circumstance, in itself, is almost enough to damn him for the place?

The thought is perfectly characteristic of the speaker, and is quite after the poet's manner in thus early striking the keynote of the play. Iago proceeds later to work out the plot covering the supposed intrigue between Cassio and Desdemona, in the light of which this line, with the meaning here assigned, is very significant.

Othello, I. iii. 262-6.

Vouch with me Heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the pallate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde.

(Folio.)

The "Globe" reading, which changes "my" to *me*, is the one most generally accepted, "In me defunct."

Othello first speaks for himself—

Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
then states his attitude towards his young wife—

Nor to comply with heat the young affects,
In my defunct and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.

The "Nor" should have prevented the supposition that Othello was continuing to speak of himself, in case "young affects" presented any difficulty. Lines 264 and 266 seem clearly to refer to Desdemona: "Nor to comply with heat the young affects . . . But to be free and bounteous to her mind," the line "In my defunct and proper satisfaction" being parenthetical, and meaning "In the fact of my deadened or weakened capacity for personal satisfaction."

It seems incredible that these lines should have been a stumbling block to critics, beginning with Theobald. Those who retain "my" of the Folio give a wrong reason for doing so, and the correct reference of "young affects" is invariably missed.

Othello, IV. ii. 107.

DES. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet,
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

To explain this utterance as a protest is not in character, since the first line is thereby given a touch of irony, something far removed from Desdemona's nature. The entire speech is one of self-reproach. " 'Tis meet that I should be used so, very meet. How have I been behaved (my conduct in deceiving my father), that he (*Othello*) might stick the smallest opinion (favourable judgment, degree of credit or esteem) on my least misuse?" " How have I been behaved that even my least misconduct should merit any the smallest degree of indulgence on his part?"

As You Like It, II. i. 50.

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend.

The indifference of a passing herd to the sufferings of one of their kind is touched upon later, but the present passage is distinct from the later one, and has an entirely different bearing. Recollecting the well-known habit of deer to go in couples, I believe that this line refers to the desertion, through fright, of her unfortunate companion by the doe. " Velvet," as descriptive of the soft coat of the female, and " friend," as indicating the attachment of the mate, are highly significant. The earlier usage of the word " friend " in this connection is, of course, undisputed.

Hanmer's emendation, " friends," for the singular form of the Folio, seems unfortunate.

As You Like It, III. ii. 204-7.

Good my complexion! dost thou think, though
I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet
and hose in my disposition?

While agreeing with Malone that " my complexion " here means " my female inquisitive disposition," critics stop short of recognising the application of the entire expression, " Good my complexion," to Celia. " Good " is here used without the name of the person addressed—" Good (Celia who art of) my complexion (a woman, and therefore of like impatience to learn such a love secret) dost thou think (that my present garb changes my disposition)?" " My complexion " takes the place of *Celia* understood, so that " Good my complexion " is the address. Rosalind cannot be supposed to express in the words just quoted the wish that her complexion (blushes) will not betray her, for *Celia* has already said, " Change you colour?" In any event, her love for *Orlando* is well known to her dearest friend, as she is aware. The indefinite manner, waving of the arms, in a stage position at some distance from *Celia*, with which some actresses utter these lines is amusing. It seems to me that one must imagine Rosalind, in a very fever of impatience, at close proximity, coaxing *Celia* to divulge the secret.

Love's Labour Lost, II. i. 45.

Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Arms.

The attempts to cure the defective rhythm of this line overlook the many proofs that the text was set up by hearing and not by seeing. I believe it is plain that *as* has been lost after "Arts":

A man of souveraigne parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in Arts, as glorious in Arms;
meaning, of course, " as (he is) glorious in arms."

Love's Labour Lost, V. i. 37-46.

ARM. Men of peace, well encountered.

HOL. Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH. [Aside to Costard.]

COST. [Aside in reply.]

MOTH. Peace! the peal begins.

In mock recognition of the military form of the exchange of courtesies between *Armado* and *Holofernes*, *Moth*, I believe, instead of the meaningless " peale " of the old copies, uses the word *parle*.

King Lear, III. vii. 59-65.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the stell'd fires:
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, " Good porter, turn the key,"
All cruel's else subscrib'd:

The most difficult textual problem of the play has been said to lie in correctly answering the question, To what does " else " refer?

I should read, " All cruel's (cruel things, agents of cruelty) else (other than the cruelty of that ' stern time ') subscrib'd (forgiven)." The idea to be brought out is the extreme cruelty of the storm, which done by saying that every other form of cruelty in comparison, even that of wolves, at that " stern time " sank into insignificance, and that they were entitled as living creatures to shelter. Also, compare IV. vii. 36-8:

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire.

Which further conveys the idea that the ferocity of " that stern time " overtopped " All cruel's else."

Regarding the question whether we should understand the address to the porter to be " Good porter, turn the key, All cruel's else subscribe " (following Furness, and reading " subscribe " of the Folios), or take the address to be " Good porter, turn the key " (reading " subscrib'd " of the Quartos), as " else " would seem to refer to a part of Gloucester's speech (" that stern time ") not included in the address to the porter, it would not seem proper to include in that address the line in which " else " occurs—" All cruel's else subscrib'd."

EDWARD MERTON DEY.

BURNS'S POEMS FOR GERMAN STUDENTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR.—Mr. T. F. Henderson recently contributed a volume of " Selections from Burns " to a series of English works published at Heidelberg. He seems to have had many difficulties with his printers, and he gives a page of *errata*, which, however, does not nearly cover all the shortcomings in the book. This is particularly mentioned now because, from the state in which things are left, the student new to the subject seems likely enough to be perplexed over the form of the poet's name. Mr. Henderson is made to speak variously of " Burns's prose," of " Burn's Edinburgh publisher," and even (curiously enough) of Robert Aiken's " skilful elocution of Burns' M.S. poems." After the prevalent fashion, he provides the book with introduction, notes, and glossary, giving in all three sufficient reason for comment, apart altogether from the defective printing over which one stumbles at every turn. Being an antiquary and not a literary critic Mr. Henderson is disposed at all hazards to find such crude material as his author presumably, probably, or possibly utilised. This tendency, unfortunately, leads to various unnecessary and even irritating remarks. " Possibly suggested by an older song;" " c.f., ' The Piper o' Dundee';" " various verbal resemblances, accidental or not, to lines in other ways, have been pointed out"—these and similar observations, mainly superfluous under any circumstances, are surely altogether out of place in a compilation prepared for the academic use of the foreigner.

Besides his antiquarian bias, Mr. Henderson is deferential towards the memory of his coadjutor, the late Mr. W. E. Henley, and therefore he loyally does what in him lies to bring Burns down from his pride of place. In the essay with which he accompanied the Centenary Edition of the poet's works Mr. Henley thought it necessary to enlarge on the presumption that the man for whose literary bequest he had assumed sponsorship was, after all, only a peasant. Mr. Henderson in his introductory excursus consequently labours this point, strenuously assuring his Continental neophytes that " his humour is essentially peasant humour " and that " as a poet of Nature, also, Burns, on account of his peasanthood, has a place of his own." Supporting the earlier of these contentions he quotes four similes bearing on rural life, and adds: " Such metaphors are quite a feature of his verse." But there is no need to go further than " Tam o'Shanter " for significant figures that are true for the whole range of humanity. There is, for example, the stern, waiting woman " gathering her brows like gathering storm "; there is the perfect summary of tipsy exuberance of feeling in the words, " Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither "; there is the splendour of supreme and irresponsible individuality rolling through the line, " Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious "; and there is the impressively picturesque and varied imagery of the familiar passage on pleasures. No doubt Burns was reared within a rustic environment—he was a peasant, if a farmer and gauger may rightly be called so—but it was not because of his social position that he had these superb visions and saw these genuine and abiding characters. It was the poet of imagination all compact, and not the plodding, ambitious, imitative peasant who compassed what Mr. Henderson calls metaphors, and also

produced those descriptive touches which he patronisingly assigns to "his peasant mastery of Nature's idiosyncrasies." Surely anyone familiar with the country, whether gentle or simple, would be likely to notice what the critic says "could have been portrayed only by the imagination of a peasant." A nobleman with gun on his shoulder might have made all the remarks Mr. Henderson quotes for his purpose about hirplin' hares, blackening trains of crows, and such familiar denizens of the moorlands as pairtricks, gorcocks, curlews and plovers. It would not have surprised her friends had the lass of Ballochmyle referred to "restless rattons," "a wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," and "winter hurtling through the air the roaring blast." Nor surely is there anything very remarkable, whether coming from the mouth of a peer or that of a ploughboy, in such statements as "The rising moon began to glower," and "The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree," both of which, in Mr. Henderson's view, proclaim the peasant origin of Burns. There would be some suggestive confusion in genealogy if inferences regarding birth and upbringing were to be drawn from the allusions of English poets to the moon. Meanwhile, the compiler's German constituents seem likely enough, under his guidance, to form some very erroneous opinions regarding the powers of observation and expression possessed by the upper classes of the Scottish people. They will also be unfortunate if they should receive from their guide, as they may well do, the impression that Burns, instead of being, as he was, a strong, independent, and towering poetical exponent, was merely a ready and nimble wit with serviceable powers of adaptation. Above all, they will be miserably disappointed if they turn from him, as they may do after what they learn in these pages, to seek higher ridges of Parnassus in the company of Allan Ramsay, Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and Robert Fergusson.

While fairly exhaustive and generally accurate Mr. Henderson's glossary ignores points that will inevitably puzzle foreigners, while it includes some indefensible definitions. Students, it may be noted, are prone to commit explanations to memory and to take texts for granted. An army officer has been heard to say that in passing into his profession he disposed of "Macbeth" through his familiarity with the notes appended to the Clarendon Press Edition of the play. Avoiding Shakespeare, he had kept close to the commentator, the result being all that he fondly desired. Similarly, the German aspirant to English knowledge may absorb wholesale Mr. Henderson's information without troubling about his author. If so a statement early in the glossary may keenly stir his powers of philosophic speculation. "Be," Mr. Henderson succinctly avers, means "alone." If assimilated apart from the context, as it may be, this absolute pronouncement may have a decidedly moving influence. Burns, the ardent and impulsive learner may reflect, must have passed into subtle depths of thought in his interpretation of life, gripping in his own way the conclusion reached by Matthew Arnold when he said that "in the sea of life existed . . . We mortal millions live alone." So, with these accredited synonyms for use, he may advance to wrestle with Hamlet's "To be or not to be" and the Ancient Mariner's pathetic "Alone on a wide, wide sea." Thus Mr. Henderson may propel his followers towards an infinitely alluring and perilous quest, while simply attempting to explain the poet's appeal to Satan to "let poor bodies be." The fault of the glossarist in this instance lies in his regard for a prosaic literalism. As syntactical authorities could tell him, the complement here is inevitably wrapped up with its governing verb. The one cannot be defined without the other. Like the poet's cloud, the whole expression must move together if it move at all. Had he recognised this, the Editor might have avoided a foray into indefinite space and a prompting to wild flights of speculative metaphysics. Several other lapses are less easily explained away. Mr. Henderson may possibly have a defence in reserve for what he says of "brackens," "braik," and "clatter," but he can offer no excuse but one for the assertion that "cheep" means "to peep." Yet this is all the explanation that he vouchsafes regarding the statement in the lyric "To W. Creech," "He cheeps like a bewildered chicken." Mr. Henderson may not know that nestlings are often called "cheepers" by the adventurous boy who raids the spring hedges, otherwise he would have recognised that "cheep," which is a variant of chirp, has rare phonetic excellence. The definition "Hallan, a partition wall," provokes remark. It is too general, for a hallan is the particular partition which fronts a cottage doorway, and serves to make a hall. Various other interpretations—such as those given of "lick," "mim," "out-oure," "sonsie," and others—tempt one to linger, but a conclusion may be made with the definition given of "sumph." Mr. Henderson's view of a sumph is that he is "a churl." But the

differences between the two characters are fundamental and decided. The churl, in spite of positive and negative blemishes and defects, may be a remarkably clever fellow, while the sumph is simply a dunce or blockhead. In his case, says the Shepherd of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, there is "want o' sense, a want o' feelin'—in short, a want o' soul—a deficit which nae painstakin' in education can ever supply." Thus he is one of the hopeless members of society, which cannot in all fairness be said the churl.

Had Mr. Henderson prepared his book for home use it would not have been necessary to draw attention here to its deficiencies in critical perception, its misleading suggestions, and the inaccuracies of its vocabulary. It seems imperative, however, on the part of everyone who respects English literature, and who is jealous for the reputation of its foremost representatives in the councils of the nations, to enter a strong protest when a manifest injustice is done among foreigners by one of ourselves. The German is not likely in any case to overrate English men of letters, but he should not be assisted towards depreciation by editorial labours applied in this country. Presumably he desires to study Burns at first hand with the aid of an expert, and it is surely the duty of the selected guide to set his author in the best light possible. While there is no need to eulogise beyond what is warranted, every sponsor should be absolutely fair, and he who undertakes to introduce Burns should find abundance to say of his merits without laboriously magnifying the faults he has in common with all mortals. He should not strive to show, against the practically unanimous opinion of the literary world, that his author has been generally over-estimated, and that his exceedingly partial compatriots have never been able to see the defects, the limitations of outlook, the initiative and adapting qualities which he and another have been sufficiently learned and acute to discover. To do this under any circumstances is a gratuitous and possibly a very injurious proceeding, but to do it with a foreign audience is to snatch an advantage where criticism with regulating hand cannot immediately follow. After all, as Matthew Arnold pointed out, the function of criticism is not to diminish an author's importance but to report the best that he has thought and said in his time and place. This is what concerns posterity in general, and it is this, above all, for which credit should be sought for a poet from nations other than his own. The inexpert foreigner cannot detect mere theories, and with these as the only pabulum available he naturally gratifies his appetite for knowledge. He has taken what he could get, and he may go through life believing that he has a final estimate, while he is cherishing the discredited argument of a special pleader. Such an unfortunate result is seriously aggravated when, as in the present case, it is not only poetical achievement that is at stake, but also a form of language over which the unwary are prone to stumble and meet disaster.

SCRUTATOR.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ABROAD.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Our friends the enemy are never tired of pointing to the supposed triumphs of the experiment of Woman Suffrage out of England. Eminent politicians, who themselves helped to thrust the enfranchisement of women on their respective countries, appear on platforms and expatiate on the beneficent legislation and purification of political life that has resulted therefrom, and twit England with lagging behind. Apparently "White-robed Innocence" has descended to dwell in those fortunate spheres. Waiving the question that there can hardly be any true comparison between the kingdoms, dependencies, and states referred to—some of them small or thinly-populated, or with only parochial concerns—and a mighty country like England, with its huge Indian Empire—waiving this unassailable vantage-ground, the facts as to the success of Female Suffrage are either absurdly exaggerated or nonexistent.

We will start with a reference to New Zealand, which, as the first home, Colonially, of Female Suffrage, is perhaps the most frequently referred to. It is New Zealand which has been offering to send us Dreadnoughts and the Suffragists have not forgotten to remind us of that fact, but they say nothing of the circumstance that Female Suffrage in New Zealand has synchronised with a decline in the birth-rate, or as to the dubious way it was obtained, which, according to Mr. Harold Spender, in the *Daily Chronicle* for Sept. 7th, 1906, was "by the heroic policy of the wife of a prominent statesman in refusing to allow her husband to go to bed until he promised to give way on the question"—in other words, nagging him into it.

In the *Times* for August 18th, 1906, appeared an excellent letter, which is too long to give in full here, from Mrs. Emily Nicol, of Auckland, N.Z. In it she says: "For all the good Female Franchise has done New Zealand, the Motherland could very wisely let it alone. While it has certainly not improved politics, it has by no means improved the social status of women. Very much the contrary. The gallant chivalry of old has departed to give room to the numerous social disabilities we are enduring through the incoming of the vote. Whatever gain we may have had through legislation—and there is every reason to believe that that same gain would have been ours irrespective of the vote—has been more than counterbalanced by our loss socially, which has really made us largely the losers by the franchise—a loss many women in New Zealand are bitterly regretting to-day." She goes on to state, as so many others in the Colonies and America have done, that the women's vote fluctuates, that they mainly vote in large numbers only on some particular issue, such as Local Option, and that therefore the figures often given are fallacious. In conclusion, she says: "Although having taken the most active interest in connection with the franchise ever since its inception, and in a letter which I received from our deeply lamented Premier [i.e., Mr. Seddon] at the last election, he said I had little to learn in election matters. I would vote tomorrow for Female Franchise to be erased from our Statute Book."

In the United States of America there are four kinds of franchise: tax-paying suffrage; school suffrage; municipal suffrage; and full suffrage. In only one State—Kansas—is there municipal suffrage, and this has answered so badly that the people of the State absolutely refuse to enlarge it. Of the 46 States in the Union, twenty do not give women any form of ballot, and it must be remembered that they regard the bestowal of the ballot so lightly that in some of the States it is given to aliens who have been in the country only six months, and have merely declared their intention of becoming citizens.

Four States have the full suffrage—Wyoming, Colorado, Daho, and Utah. In Utah the Mormon influence predominates, and in 1898, with the aid of the women's vote, a leading Mormon, Mr. Brigham Henry Roberts, who was possessed of three wives, was elected a member of the National House of Representatives. Under the pressure of strong popular resentment and indignation, which found expression all over the country, the House excluded him from its membership by a vote of 268 to 50. Another Utah Legislature, elected in part by women's votes, chose as United States Senator, Mr. Reed Smart, an apostle of the Mormon Church and a member of its Presidency. The Senate was flooded with petitions for his unseating.

Wyoming, after thirty years of Woman Suffrage, kept on its statute-books a law licensing gambling-houses and collecting a revenue from them for the public treasury. In Wyoming also, as Mr. Belfort Bax points out on p. 115 of "Essays in Socialism," every public office is filled by a woman, except, mark you, that of police-constable, and a man can perform no legal act without the consent of his wife, as also more recently in New Zealand. In addition, in Wyoming, the verdicts brought by the female juries against male offenders have been often of so vindictive a ferocity as to amount to a public scandal.

But it is the failure of Female Suffrage in Colorado which is the most glaring. Judge Moses Hallett, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Colorado, when the State was a Territory, said in an interview, as reported in the *Denver Republican*, of the 6th April: "If it were to be done over again the people of Colorado would defeat Woman Suffrage by an overwhelming majority." Another authority—Mrs. Caroline Corbin—says: "Instead of purifying politics, it has developed bribery from a casual incident to a wide-spread necessity."

In Denver, on one occasion, the women supported Mr. Shafron, who was running on the Democratic ticket. In several districts they "swelled his vote" to such extraordinary proportions that it amounted to 90 per cent. of the total vote, and in some instances his majority exceeded the entire registered vote. How did they accomplish these wonders? They stole official ballots and "prepared" them in advance. They "padded" the polling lists and "stuffed" the ballot boxes. They bought votes and set gangs of personators—lady personators—in motion. Finally they organised and instituted disturbances at the polls to frighten timid voters away, and give opportunity to "stuff" the ballot boxes and "monkey" with the count. These things they not only plotted, but did, and when Mr. Shafron was put in possession of the proofs of their activity, he refused to retain a seat in Congress secured by such deeds. The matter was investigated at Washington, and in

a deposition made by Mrs. Beatrice Muhleman, formerly a clerk in the Colorado Legislature, she testified that she, in company with Miss Alma Beswick and a man named Grainger, procured 125 of the official ballots of Precinct 1 of District F. They took the ballots to the St. Nicholas Hotel, where they engaged a room, which was paid for by Miss Beswick. They pulled down the shades, closed the blinds, and locked the door, and then proceeded to "prepare" the ballots. The ballots were then numbered to correspond with numbers on the poll-list, and were thus made ready to be dumped into the ballot-boxes. Miss Beswick is given the credit for inventing a plan for disturbance at the polls in order to give opportunity for the dumping of the prepared ballots, and the names of several lady personators are mentioned.

Small wonder that a short while back we were informed that Republicans and Democrats in Colorado had alike agreed not to nominate any more women as candidates for the Legislature in that State, and to annul as soon as possible the Act of 1893 giving them votes, thus thrusting them back out of political life altogether. They have been found to be most fanatical partisans, to engage in faction fights, to have introduced hysterics into politics, and to be unable to take clear views of party politics or great issues.

In Norway and Finland, of course, female enfranchisement is very recent, though already a Bill is before the Norwegian Storthing to legalise Adult Suffrage universally, thus putting female voters in a majority of about 60,000. In Finland 24 women already sit in the Diet, though our English Suffragists say they don't advocate female membership of Parliament. Among the Acts recently passed in Finland is one to raise "the age of consent," thus throwing more responsibility on men, and taking it away from women, a course liable to involve great injustice.

Altogether, we think sufficient has been said to show that Woman Suffrage is not the unqualified blessing in other places the Suffragists declare it to be.

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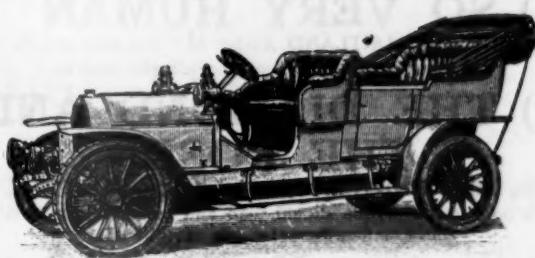
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